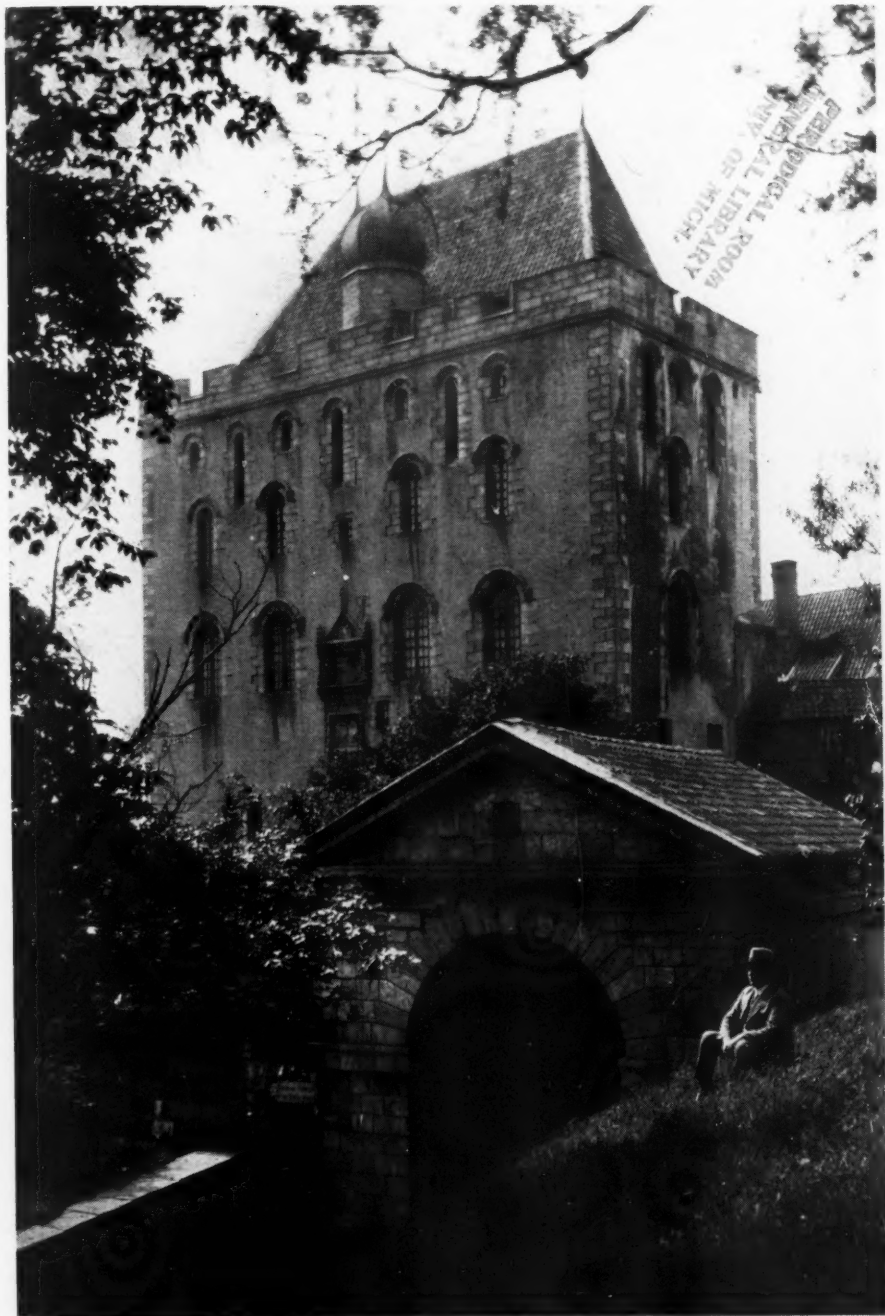


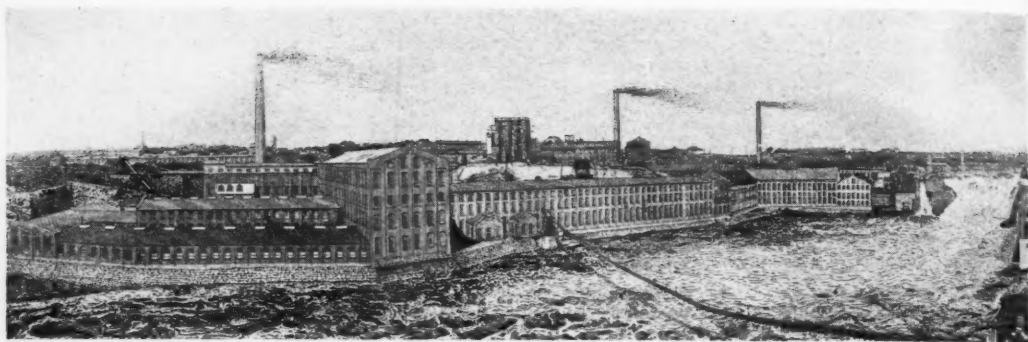
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NOVEMBER, 1928

# • THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



ROSENKRANS TOWER IN BERGEN

NORWAY NUMBER



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TO LINCOLN ELLSWORTH fell the privilege of brightening Roald Amundsen's last years and helping him to the successful achievement of his last goal, the North Pole by air. It was not only financial aid, but sympathy, loyal friendship, and buoyant enthusiasm that Ellsworth brought to this rare partnership. He accompanied Amundsen on the ill-fated expedition with flying boats in 1925, and on this trip had the opportunity to save the lives of his two Norwegian comrades, Dietrichsen and Omdal, when they were in danger of drowning. For this he was awarded the gold medal for life-saving by the Norwegian government, besides the decoration as Knight Commander of the order of St. Olaf. Ellsworth was also an associate of Amundsen in the flight of the *Norge* over the pole.

PETER FREUCHEN is a Dane by birth and has distinguished himself especially in the exploration of Greenland. He accompanied Knud Rasmussen to that country in 1910, took part in the first Thule expedition, and was for several years in charge of the Thule Station established by Rasmussen. He has written extensively on arctic conditions, especially on the birds and mammals.

JOHAN NORDAHL-OLSEN is an author and newspaper man of Bergen, who has made a special study of Bergen's perhaps most famous son, Ludvig Holberg. Some years ago he contributed to the REVIEW an article on Holberg and Bergen.

The article on the Norwegian Merchant Marine is the first in a series on Norway's Industries written for the REVIEW by H. Sundby - Hansen. Mr. Sundby - Hansen is an American newspaper writer of Norwegian extraction. He has recently visited Norway where he gathered fresh material for the series.

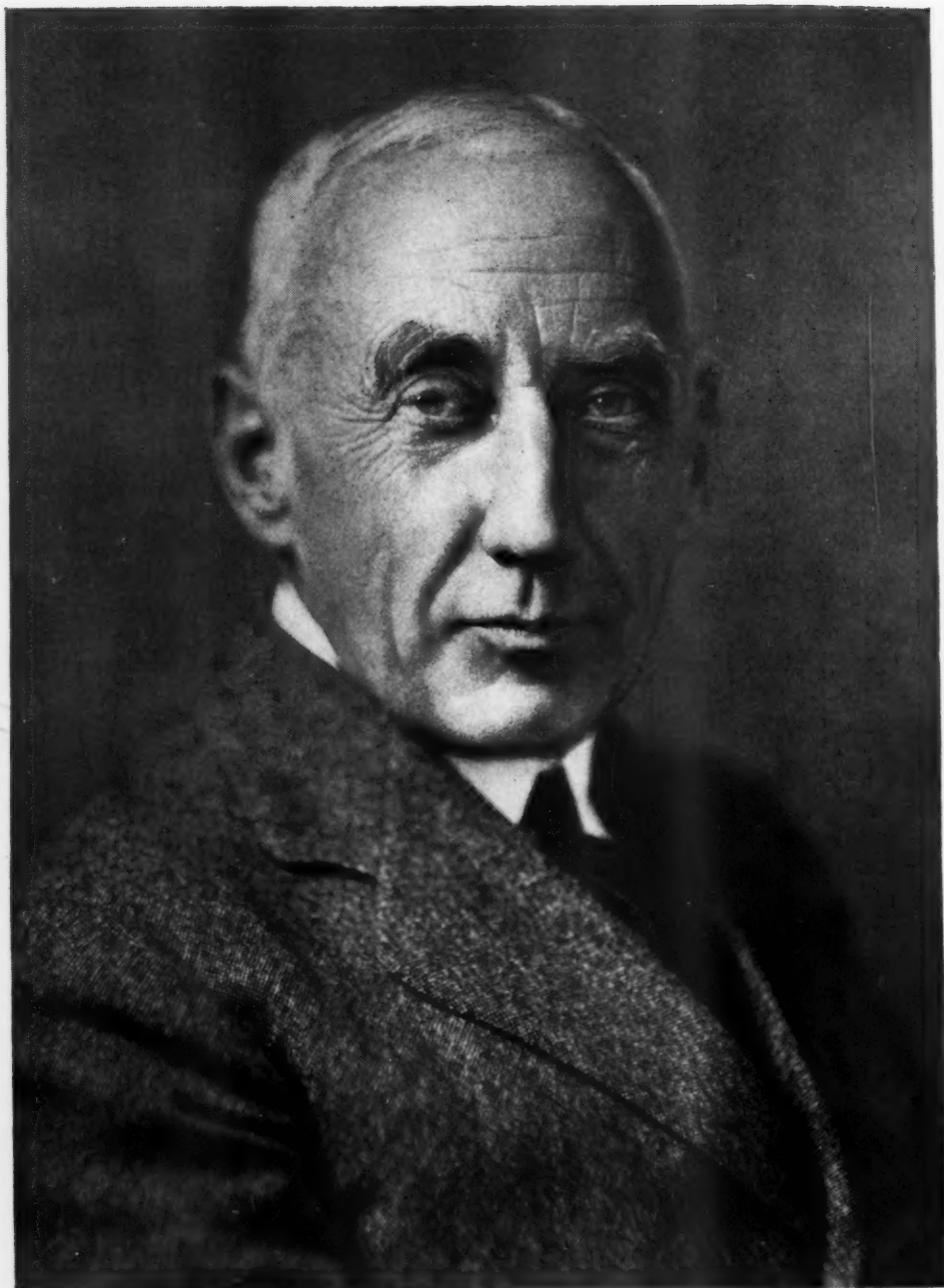
The novels of PETER EGGE have frequently been reviewed in our surveys of Norwegian books, and he has

contributed an article to the REVIEW on his native city, Trondhjem. His novel *Hansine* is scheduled for American publication.

Once more we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the Travel Bureau of the Norwegian Government Railways at 342 Madison Avenue, New York. The pictures illustrating the articles by Johan Nordahl-Olsen and H. Sundby-Hansen are from the fine collection of Mr. Blessum, director of the Bureau.



LINCOLN ELLSWORTH



ROALD AMUNDSEN

*Wide World Photos*



# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## The Career of Roald Amundsen

**R**OALD AMUNDSEN was held by his peers as the king of explorers. With the achievement of the Northwest Passage, the South Pole, the Northeast Passage, and the North Pole, he had a record unequalled not only in the annals of polar research, but in geographical exploration as a whole. If others may have surpassed him in scientific knowledge and in the art of the word by which strange lands are brought near to the reader or the listener, none excelled him as a doer of brave deeds. To the layman he will always stand as one of the great men, not only of our generation, but of all time. And surely no one who was privileged to receive his hearty handclasp, to meet his gleaming eye and see his boldly chiselled face—of late crowned with almost white hair—will ever forget the experience.

Amundsen's career is remarkable as that of a man who in boyhood resolved on what he wanted to do with his life and who carried out his resolve without ever turning to the right or the left. He was born July 16, 1872, at Borge near Sarpsborg, but his parents soon moved to Oslo, which may be considered his lifelong home, so far as he possessed a home. At fifteen he had his imagination fired by reading the account of Franklin's expedition, and made up his mind to that which actually became his first individual achievement, the navigation of the Northwest Passage. In his deliberate preparation for his career, he did not neglect physical training, and when he came to present himself for his compulsory military service, he had already acquired that tough strength which was always noticeable in him. He was an expert on skis, and his feat of crossing Hardangervidda would have attracted more attention had it not been thrown into the shade by his later achievements.

The return of Nansen from Greenland, in 1888, fed the flame of

young Amundsen's enthusiasm, and he would have offered his services for Nansen's next expedition but for the reluctance of his mother to let him go. After her death he felt free to follow his bent. Meanwhile he had matriculated at the University and begun the study of medicine, but he threw up his studies in order to ship as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian sealer. His first chance to take part in polar exploration came when, having first taken his mate's certificate, he was offered the job as mate on the *Belgica* under Adrian de Gerlache. The expedition had for its goal the south magnetic pole and spent thirteen months in the Antarctic ice.

This experience revived Amundsen's boyhood dream of going through the Northwest Passage, and he now combined with it the purpose of locating the north magnetic pole. But he realized that, in order to do this, he had to know more about terrestrial magnetism. He therefore took courses in the subject at Oslo and afterwards in Germany, where he won the high regard of his teachers.

The next step was to purchase a boat, and Amundsen found what he wanted in a small fishing boat, the *Gjøa*, which, though not new, was strong and remarkably well built. His plans had the cordial approval of Fridtjof Nansen, and when he laid them before the Norwegian people, he secured both private and public aid sufficient to outfit his expedition. The idea of the very small ship, which could easily slip through the narrow passages, was new at the time and in strong contrast to previous cumbersome expeditions. The use of the petroleum motor was also new in polar exploration.

On June 17, 1903, the *Gjøa* set sail from Oslo, carrying Amundsen and six companions. The proverbial Amundsen luck—due in part to meticulous preparation, in part to lightning quick execution—held this time, and the *Gjøa* in less than three months reached the harbor on the south side of King William's Land which has since been known as the *Gjøa* harbor. The spot was near the scene of the Franklin disaster, the greatest tragedy in modern arctic exploration, and it was also near the magnetic pole. There Amundsen and his men spent two winters in a temperature often going down to 70 degrees below zero with no other shelter than the tiny *Gjøa*. The time was used for magnetic observations, and the expedition brought home a vast amount of scientific material.

A third winter was spent near Herschell Island, but on August 31, 1906, Amundsen arrived at Cape Nome, having completed the first navigation of the Northwest Passage. The formal reception of the captain and his men in San Francisco, where the great swanlike men-of-war circled round the little green, battered *Gjøa* and dipped their colors to this Ugly Duckling, was a beautiful spectacle seen against the glittering bay and blue hills.

The completion of the Northwest Passage instantly brought Amundsen world fame. After his return to Norway, he was uncertain whether to choose the north or the south polar waters for his next expedition. Both attracted him. It was due largely to Nansen's influence that he decided on going north. Nansen's old polar boat, the *Fram*, was put at his disposal, and he planned to start from Alaska and to drift across the pole, possibly consuming as much as seven years. Public and private funds poured in; but before Amundsen had his expedition fully equipped, word came that Peary had reached the North Pole. With this, interest in the Norwegian expedition waned, and Amundsen felt that he had to do something more spectacular.

When the *Fram* started from Norway, June 7, 1910, its ostensible goal was the North Pole, but Amundsen had secretly made up his mind to go first to the South Pole, and had obtained the consent of those entitled to know. Arrived at Madeira, he divulged his change of plan to his crew, who all supported him enthusiastically. He also telegraphed his intention to the British explorer, Captain Scott, to apprise him that there was now a competitor in the race.

This competition roused some bitterness in England, but it was soon forgotten in admiration of Amundsen's brilliant feat. In the middle of January, 1911, he arrived at the Bay of Whales, and took up his winter quarters on the great Ice Barrier, while the *Fram* proceeded to carry on oceanographic observations in the South Atlantic waters. The winter was spent in putting down depots for use in the dash to the pole, and on October 19, 1911, Amundsen started out with four companions. Fine weather conditions favored them, and on December 14 they were able to plant the Norwegian flag at the pole. They returned to their base after an absence of little over two months, having spent four days at the pole and made several short side excursions. It was a trip probably unequalled in polar exploration for the absence of hardships. Nansen characterized it as a pleasure jaunt.

After his return to Norway Amundsen took up again his postponed expedition to the North Pole, but it seemed that the good fortune which had formerly accompanied him had deserted him completely. The war intervening, the expedition was postponed twice. The delay proved fatal to the old *Fram*, and a new, smaller, but strong and well equipped boat, the *Maud*, was built for his use. With this he started out, June 25, 1918, but instead of entering the Arctic Ocean by way of Alaska as first intended, he went north along the Norwegian coast, rounded the North Cape, and proceeded eastward.

On this trip, for the first time in his explorations, Amundsen met continual reverses. He was twice frozen in and had to spend two winters in the ice. He did not reach the North Pole, but when he arrived in Seattle for repairs, in the summer of 1920, he had at least

the distinction of having completed the Northeast Passage, which had until then been achieved by only one explorer, the Swede Baron Nordensköld. As soon as the *Maud* had been put into shape, Amundsen

was ready to start again, but again he met untoward conditions and had to spend a third winter in the ice.

In 1922 Amundsen made a third start from Seattle, and this time he had provided himself with a good aeroplane, but the stormy summer and autumn prevented him from using it as he had expected.

Amundsen had now determined that the dash to the pole had to be made by air, and he decided to use Svalbard as a base of operations. In May, 1925, he started



*Wide World Photos*

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF ROALD AMUNDSEN

out from King's Bay with two flying boats. One was in charge of the intrepid flyer, Lieutenant Dietrichsen, who has now gone with his commander on his last voyage. Amundsen's own boat was piloted by Lieutenant Riiser-Larsen. With them was the American, Lincoln Ellsworth, who had made the expedition financially possible. The trip was unsuccessful. Both machines were forced to land on the ice, and the one commanded by Dietrichsen was so badly jammed that it had to be abandoned. After almost superhuman efforts, working twenty-four days on a minimum of food, the two crews succeeded in raising the other machine so that it could depart with its double burden. The expedition had been given up as lost when it was picked up by a fishing-boat off the shore of Svalbard.



After this mischance, Amundsen became convinced that the airship was better fitted for polar exploration than the aëroplane. The following year he started out again, from the same spot, but this time in an airship which was called the *Norge* and had been built and designed by the Italian, Umberto Nobile. With Amundsen were associated Nobile and Lincoln Ellsworth. This trip was completely successful. The ill luck that had dogged Amundsen's footsteps for fifteen years seemed at last to be exorcised. The *Norge* passed directly over the pole and, after 72 hours, landed at Teller, Alaska.

After this last exploit Amundsen declared that his work as an explorer was ended. His friends say that he planned to sort and arrange the mass of ethnographic material which he had brought home from his various expeditions and presented to his native country. But this peaceful activity was not to be his.

The *Norge* expedition had had an unfortunate aftermath in the dispute that arose between the Norwegian and American participants on the one side and the Italian on the other. That Amundsen deeply felt the slights he thought had been put upon him as commander of the expedition is sufficiently testified by the space he gave the matter in his book. Many of his admirers wished that he had risen above his irritation at these slights which could, after all, never dim the brilliance of his reputation. But the opportunity soon came for Amundsen to show what stuff there was in him. When the *Italia* expedition, undertaken by Nobile against the advice of polar experts, met disaster, all resentment was forgotten. Amundsen's "All right, I'm ready" flashed out without a second's hesitation.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of June 18, Amundsen, accompanied by his friend Lieutenant Dietrichsen, started out from Tromsø in the French seaplane *Latham*, commanded by Captain Guilbaud. Three hours after the rescue party had left Tromsø, communications from them ceased. Nothing was ever heard of them at Svalbard which was to have been their first stop. For two and a half months, while search for them was carried on, their fate has been wrapped in agonizing uncertainty which gradually turned into practical certainty that they must have perished. On the last day of August a pontoon was picked up in the sea near Tromsø and was definitely recognized as belonging to the *Latham*. With that there could be no more doubt that Amundsen and his brave companions had met their death, though the manner of their passing will probably forever remain a mystery.



# The Viking's Valhalla

In Roald Amundsen's Memory

By JOHN FINLEY

*ITS walls with timeless rime are white;  
Its halls with boreal lights are bright;  
The gods o'er bowls of mead cry "Skoal"  
To him twice "Victor of the Pole,"  
Who comes from his last wandering,  
His last earth-compass pondering,  
His last frost-fighting odyssey,  
Into his immortality.*

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## Roald Amundsen: A Tribute

By LINCOLN ELLSWORTH

IT SEEMS the irony of fate that Roald Amundsen's life work should have ended somewhere near where it began—in the Norwegian Sea, off the coast of his native land where, as a young man, he started out on his career of great adventure. But the finding of bits of wreckage of his plane, in which he with five companions sailed away in succor of former comrades lost somewhere in the polar wastes, leaves little doubt that this supreme adventurer who so often tempted fate in quest of the unknown, and who always came back, has at last paid the supreme sacrifice and journeyed into the unknown—that Great Unknown from which no man ever returns.

But the end, no doubt, was as he himself would have wished it, for Amundsen often told me that he wanted to die in action. He could bear the thought of no other way.

Life's friendships are transient things; silently, like shadows in the night, they come—and are gone away. With the loss of this devoted friend—for Roald Amundsen and I had much in common together—goes the last of my boyhood heroes. Roosevelt and Peary were the others.

Beyond the last frontier—beyond even the outermost rim of discovery, toward that huge tract in the Polar Sea marked "unexplored" lay my dreams! But how was I to get to that land of far horizons? The dreams of youth are long, long dreams, and I am certain that they never could have found realization had not chance—or was it fate?—brought us together. This was in October, 1924, and the two

years of our close intimacy never dulled—they only served to enhance the hero worship in which I held him. Such was the magic spell that this man's personality wove about me. Just why or how would be difficult to explain.

Although years of battling in regions of eternal ice had bred in him something that carried outward, visible signs—that indelible stamp of the Arctic—underneath the man of cold reserve lingered much of the spirit and enthusiasm of a boy. "Do you know," he said to me on his arrival in America the last time, "I have adopted many of your ways. I have learned to smoke my pipe in bed of evenings and have written to Montreal for fifty pounds of that French-Canadian tobacco you smoke, and I eat only two meals a day now. I never have that tight feeling around the belt any more."

With the passing of this picturesque Viking of an old school, whose strong weather-beaten face with its steadfast eye, hearty handclasp, ease of bearing, and innate modesty captivated all those with whom he came in contact, goes a certain something that has to do with romance, with youth, with the dreams of life, for Amundsen's attainment of the South Pole closed the chapter of that romantic history of polar exploration by men using ships and dogs as a means of transport.

"Their place now," he says in his memoirs, "though forever glorious, is in the museum and the history books. Aircraft has supplanted the dog." Strangely enough Amundsen was himself one of the first to foresee the possibilities of, and to participate in, this new method of exploration. But it wasn't his game, he told me; guessed he was too old to learn. Certain it is, that with the passing of the dog and sledge, exploration has been robbed of much of its early romance and glamour, born of the age when, out of the sheer urge for bodily effort, men travelled forth to explore the yet untrodden.

Modern progress moves so swiftly that fact often transcends fancy. The dreams of one age become the realities of the next, and today, as we wing our way in comparative comfort, cutting the years to hours in our swift flight over the unknown, the stories of hardships and sufferings endured by those travellers of yesterday seem as remote as lessons taken from the Old Testament.

But in the ages to come the navigation of the Northwest Passage, the attainment of both Poles, and the first crossing of the Polar Sea by Roald Amundsen, will ever remain a monument to a heroic effort—a symbol of devotion to an idea: "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield." Whatever its value to civilization, the effort was not in vain. Of such stuff are heroes made; the world needs them. They are the salt of youth, and out of the salt of youth comes the iron that makes for mature manhood.

Amundsen would have been 56 years old last July 16 had he lived, for he was born in 1872. He had attained all the major geographic

prizes left to the twentieth century, but he was not a happy man. No idealist ever is. "Whatever remains to man unknown in this world of ours," he says in his memoirs in speaking of the "good" of polar exploration, "is by so much a burden on the spirits of all men. It remains a something that has not yet been conquered—a continuing evidence of his weakness, an unmet challenge of his mastery over nature. By the same token every mystery made plain, every unknown land explored, exalts the spirit of the whole human race—strengthens its courage and exalts its spirit permanently. The trail breaker is an indispensable ally of the spiritual values which advance and sustain civilization." And so, accustomed all his life to the thrill of great adventure, he suddenly found himself, at the age of 54, with nothing left to do, for he had lived to see the old method of "going exploring" become obsolete, and the new way wasn't his.

His whole life had been one long uphill struggle in the face of terrific odds—mental as well as physical. Lack of funds had forced him to rent a bake shop and with his own hands prepare all the pemmican used on his South Pole expedition. On one of his Arctic voyages, he told me, he had to "turn to" as cook for his men in order to keep up the morale. But where there is a will there is a way, and Amundsen always found the way with that courage born of the right, which, through life, held him ever true to his ideals.

Of such stuff was the man Roald Amundsen. He had acquired a philosophy of life that taught him to accept, with equal equanimity, whatever the day brought forth. I cannot see him other than the great leader he was—a man inspired by the highest ideals and responsive to all the finer and nobler things of life, beloved and admired by all those with whom he came in contact; his supreme effort, while it cannot be measured in terms of human lives saved, will go down through the ages as one of the finest examples of self-sacrifice ever made. He gave of his best, and God grant that in so doing he may receive of the best. Could I, who have been made better by his influence and example, give adequate expression to the tribute due him, it would be "as a fadeless garland in which the laurel of victory is entwined with the roses of love."

So "Skoal!" Roald Amundsen:

*The Winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,  
Now were it so extreme might do this good,  
As make these tears bright pearls, which I would lay  
Tombed safely with you till doom's fatal day;  
That in thy solitary place, where none  
May ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,  
Some remnant might be extant of the time  
And faithful love I shall ever bear for you.*



FRIDTJOF NANSEN

## Arctic Explorations in the Future

*By* PETER FREUCHEN

Fridtjof Nansen, after years devoted to humanitarian labors, is now returning to his own scientific work which he interrupted at the call of suffering humanity. He attended the Arctic Conference at Leningrad last summer, and has assumed leadership of the Aëro-Arctic association's expedition for next year. The author of the present article, the distinguished Danish explorer, Peter Freuchen, is one of those chosen to take part in the expedition.

**A** GREAT arctic explorer has said that, whereas the polar explorations of the past belonged to England, those of the present bore the imprint of the Scandinavian countries, and those of the future would be made by Russia.

If we leave out of consideration the South Pole and confine ourselves to the northern arctic waters which, of course, are of greatest interest to Europeans, we shall find such names as Ross and Parry and, later, John Franklin with the many who set out in search of his ill-fated expedition. Men like Markham and Nares further add to the fame of



England; and in fact the results obtained by their explorations are in many cases even now the only basis of our knowledge regarding regions and conditions which have not since then been made the subject of more searching investigation.

The Scandinavians were the next to enter the field. Nordenskiöld's discovery of the Northeast Passage may be considered the beginning. Fridtjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen soon followed. Here in Denmark we count J. P. Koch, Knud Rasmussen, and Lauge Koch among those whose names will be mentioned when the history of polar exploration is written.

Yet the future no doubt belongs to Russia. No other country has so long a coast line on the arctic seas, and no other state has from the earliest times been so well aware of the importance of arctic exploration as Russia. It is a matter of pride to us Danes that our countryman, Vitus Bering, was leader of the Great Northern Expedition organized by Czar Peter the Great, an expedition which lasted ten years and with its five hundred or more members was the largest polar expedition ever sent out.

The time is past when men were lured by the hope of discovering great tracts of land in the region of the North Pole. The divisions of land and water are pretty well known. There may be a few fjords still to be traced, an island or two to be placed, a coast line to be redrawn here and there; but these are details for the experts.

In former days it was rarely the great scientists who undertook polar explorations. The explorer had first and foremost to be a resolute man inured to hardships. Given a theodolite and a sextant, the man accustomed to driving a dog sledge could achieve greater results than the scientist who by his indoor life had been unfitted to endure hardships and to solve practical problems.

Polar expeditions always had a glamour of the mysterious. They were regarded as the greatest of all adventures; and yet, when we compare them with the exploration of Africa or the conquest of Asia, we shall find that the toll of life they have taken is really surprisingly small. It has but rarely happened that individual members have been lost, and where whole expeditions have perished, we can often see how the calamity was caused by some error on the part of the leader or his superiors at home, errors which later experience enables us to guard against.

Time passes, and as soon as one goal is reached another beckons. This is true in the North and the South, and not least in the field of polar exploration. When it is realized that there is no more land to be discovered in the arctic regions, the sporting expeditions of former times will automatically cease. I am not now speaking of hunting parties staged by rich men or of that lust of dangerous sport which is inherent in human nature. I am referring to the costly and arduous



expeditions which were set in motion to establish what may be called a sporting record—each one attaining a few minutes farther north than its predecessor, before being driven back by ice and scarcity of food. Yet even these expeditions were not without lasting results. They helped to increase our knowledge of polar conditions, and they established the depths of the water in different localities. Gradually polar technique has been revolutionized. There is a wide difference between the methods that obtained at the time Nansen started out in his *Fram* and those which Peary and Knud Rasmussen learned from the Eskimos. The latter methods have perhaps been brought to their highest perfection by the American Vilhjalmur Stefansson, whom we may count as a kinsman, for, though born in Canada, he is of Icelandic extraction.

Now the race is finished. The North Pole has been reached by dog sledge, *aéroplane*, and airship. We know what it looks like, and probably no one in the future will assume the expense and the physical suffering incident to a trip to the pole, for there are no laurels to be gained there and no fame awaiting the returning explorer.

Not only the methods but the aim of polar explorations have changed in recent years. Modern inventions have given us new means of transportation and new means of communication with any point of the globe. At the same time new problems have arisen and urgently demand solution.

As perhaps most people know, there is no land in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole, but there is an immense ocean always covered by ice. Soundings have revealed a depth of more than 4,000 meters. Formerly it was supposed that the Arctic Ocean was rather shallow, but this was due to the fact that expeditions had not been far enough away from the coast to reach the great depths. Navigation was difficult, and sledge trips were laborious. Now we know that the so-called continental ledge extends for a distance of about 200 kilometers out from the coasts of North America and Asia, and that it has a depth of only 100 to 200 meters, but where it comes to an abrupt end the actual polar basin begins. This basin is of immense depth. The actual boundary between continent and ocean is therefore not the visible coast line, but the rim of this submerged ledge which, according to the famous German scientist Professor Wegener, is slowly changing.

The sounding of the arctic waters will be of great interest, but it will be a difficult task. As there is ice everywhere, we can not reach the polar basin by ship, and more modern means of transportation will have to be employed. It would require too much space to discuss fully the relative merits of *aéroplane* and airship. The difficulty with the *aéroplane* lies in the fact that in order to keep aloft it has to maintain a high speed through the air, whereas the airship with able navigators can remain immobile, either by having the propellers carry the

ship as far ahead as the wind sets it back, or simply by casting anchor in the ice.

The problem of carrying different kinds of fixed observation bases by airship into the polar world is now under consideration. But as I have mentioned the sounding of the seas, I shall say briefly that instruments have now been constructed by means of which these soundings can be made from an airship. If the waters are open and the airship is stationary, a telephone membrane which is connected with a microphone in the airship can be lowered to the surface of the water by means of an electric wire. If a bomb is discharged on the surface of the water, which can easily be done by means of electricity, the sound will be carried through the water to the bottom, will be thrown back again by the echo, and will reach the telephone membrane on the surface of the water. By measuring the time between the discharge of the bomb and the return of the echo the depth of the water can be determined, inasmuch as we know the speed of the sound wave through water. The electric wire is pulled up again into the airship, which then proceeds to the next opening in the ice.

If, on the other hand, it is found expedient to establish an observation party in winter quarters on the ice, it is quite feasible to lower from the airship men, houses, and provisions, in spots that would have been inaccessible to any other means of transport. The German aviator Hauptmann Bruns once told me that he had assisted in dropping live pigs by means of a parachute, and the animals had reached the ground without suffering any harm whatever. Even the most delicate instruments can be dropped by parachute if they are only carefully packed, and it would not be difficult to lower men and take them up again into the airship by means of rope-ladders or hoisting apparatus.

Recently a congress was held in Leningrad to prepare for such a polar exploration. Recognizing the difficulties that would beset any one country—more particularly one of the smaller countries—in assuming the expense of the costly airships that will be required by the explorations of the future, an international association called the *Aëro-Arctic* was formed. This association has for its aim the continued study of the polar regions by all the various means at our command; and in this connection attention has been turned to the airship as the only means of transportation that can be used in the kind of research work now contemplated.

The *Aëro-Arctic* is not formed with the idea of merely making a dash for the pole. Its purpose is to continue its work year in and year out and to establish permanent meteorological stations around the pole in different regions, from which commissions of experts can study special problems. The results will be given to the world and not be withheld in a selfish or niggardly spirit.

It is only fair to ask: What can be accomplished by these dangerous

and expensive expeditions? Are they worth the cost? Let us first consider the word "dangerous."

It can not be denied that to the layman General Nobile's adventure will for years to come stand as a discouraging example. People will reason that one airship is very much like another, and what may befall one may befall another.

To this I will answer that there is absolutely no comparison between the Italia and the airship which the German government is now constructing and will put at the disposal of the Aëro-Arctic next year. This ship, with a length of 245 meters and a width of 32 meters, is six and a half times as large as Nobile's. Inside the balloon there are seventeen enormous compartments which are entirely separate from one another, so that if one or more of them should break, sail-makers with gas-masks can enter and sew them up so that they can again be filled with gas from the compressed supply carried by the airship. Underneath there are five gondolas all connected with the balloon body. A broad passageway between the compartments leads to state-rooms which are furnished with about the same degree of comfort as the berths on a railroad train.

The greatest foe of airships in the arctic regions has hitherto been the ice that forms by the condensation of vapor on the balloon body. So far no means have been found to prevent this formation; but it must be remembered that, while the surface exposed to the vapor increases with the second power as the airship grows larger, the volume and consequent carrying capacity increases with the third power. Thus the larger airship will have a better chance of making its way than the smaller one.

An experienced crew of thirty-five men with the most skilful leaders to be found in Germany has been selected. In addition the airship will carry fifteen scientists. All that human foresight can do to insure safety has been done, and I believe that any accusation of undue risk can be refuted in advance. It may be remembered that the failure of General Nobile's trip was anticipated and predicted by German aëro-technicians, and I think there is no reason to believe that his error will be repeated.

But what is the purpose of the expedition, and what can be gained by it. These are questions that naturally, and with justice, are asked. It would be impossible in this article to go into details, but I shall endeavor to point out a few facts.

In this era of the radio, everyone may have observed that the weather man and his forecasts are no longer a standing joke. The intelligent farmer, the fisherman or shipowner, and the general public all take into consideration the weather predictions in making their plans. And yet we do not now possess the meteorological instruments which we shall no doubt have in the future.

In prognosticating the weather it is necessary to know conditions

over the whole earth, just as a man who installs a heating system in his house must know, not only the heating power of the radiators, but also something about the effect of their cooling and the space to be heated. The polar areas may be considered the cooling apparatus in the earth's heating system, and they largely determine the currents in the air as well as in the ocean.

An American scientist, Professor Hobbs of Michigan, has advanced a theory that the large glacial field which covers the interior of Greenland has a decided effect on weather conditions in northern Europe. He bases his conclusions on the experience of expeditions that have crossed Greenland. His theory is that the air is cooled over the large inland field of ice; this makes it heavier and causes it to fall down, which again presses the air outward in every direction so that there is nearly always an offshore wind along the coast of Greenland. Recent observations seem to show that the conclusions of Professor Hobbs are correct. Here in Denmark we have seen that terrific north-west storms have swept over the land from the direction of Greenland and that these storms could be predicted 36 hours in advance. Here we have a connection between Europe and the polar regions which may have great economic significance.

When fixed bases have been established round about the pole and when we have an observatory on the ice above the pole itself provided with short-wave stations which maintain constant connection with the outside world, we shall, of course, be able to make our predictions with far greater accuracy. Indeed we shall have a systematic and almost infallible guide to knowledge of what the weather will be in the near future.

Another important problem which knowledge of the polar regions will help us to solve is that of the fisheries. An ordinary codfish when it is caught is usually about seven years old. Where has it been and what has happened to it in these years? What influences carry it toward the fisherman's net, and why is it that sometimes the fisheries suddenly fail where they have formerly yielded an abundance?

It is a well-known fact that all plant life requires light to blossom and thrive. But the entire polar basin is covered with ice so thick that no light can penetrate, and consequently the organic matter which is carried out into it by the great Siberian rivers is arrested in its growth. Small primitive plants called diatoms are carried by the ocean currents close up under the ice where they stagnate because the light is shut out. Great masses of algae and microscopic plants are carried in here daily, but can not develop and grow.

Ocean currents move the water and the stagnant plant life with it. They are carried over the pole and its vicinity, but nothing happens there. The organic life is still dormant.

Then, suddenly, as the powerful ocean currents convey the masses of plant life from under the ice out into the open water of the north



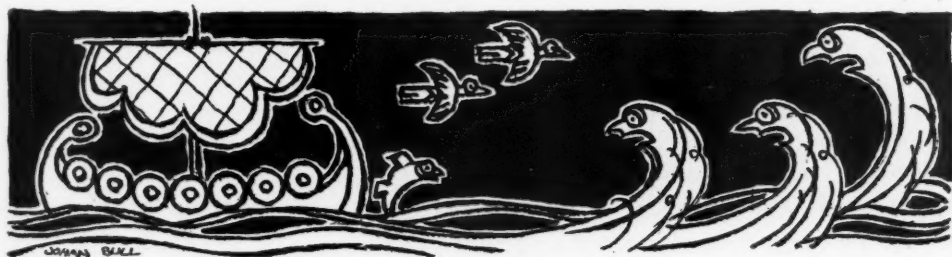
Atlantic Ocean, there is a tremendous, almost explosive development. All the dormant plant life bursts forth and becomes active. First there are formed small drifting organisms called planktons, which feed on the diatoms. Next appear crustaceous animals which live on the planktons, and also fish and cuttle-fish which are pursued by the crustaceous animals. Consequently we find enormous cod fisheries south of the ice regions around the pole. Then come the seals which live on the fish, and then the whales, and at last even man joins in the pursuit.

When we think of how large a proportion of humanity depends more or less on the fisheries for its food, we can readily see how important it is to be able to calculate where the fish can be found in a given year and to avoid the economic loss of vain waiting for fish that does not appear. And this is not impossible; when our knowledge becomes wider and more accurate, we shall be able to follow the fish on its travels. We shall be able to tell when and where the fish had especially good hatching conditions in a certain year, and by tracing its further passage, we shall know where to look for it.

The science of oceanography is therefore of far greater importance in our daily life than has hitherto been supposed. We are beginning to find out how much the arctic regions mean in the economic life of the world, and as the struggle for existence grows ever fiercer, we shall need all the knowledge we can obtain.

It is Fridtjof Nansen who has assumed leadership of the new polar exploration. In his youth he was the creator of the technique then used in polar travelling. The goals of that time are not those of the present. We no longer seek to establish a record or make a dash to the pole. Nansen has understood the requirements of the new age. His mighty intellect spans over the various natural sciences as no other man's. What he undertakes we know can be done and will be worth doing. We are justified in expecting results that will slowly raise the structure of human knowledge and make it of value.

The new exploration will require no less courage and perseverance than the old, but the haphazard adventure is a thing of the past. All honor to the past, for it is on a basis of the past that the specialists of today must build. The many who perished in the ice did not die in vain; they made the beginning without which no great work is possible.







LOOKING OUT OVER THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM MOUNT FLØIEN

## Bergen, Norway's Window to the Sea

By JOHAN NORDAHL-OLSEN

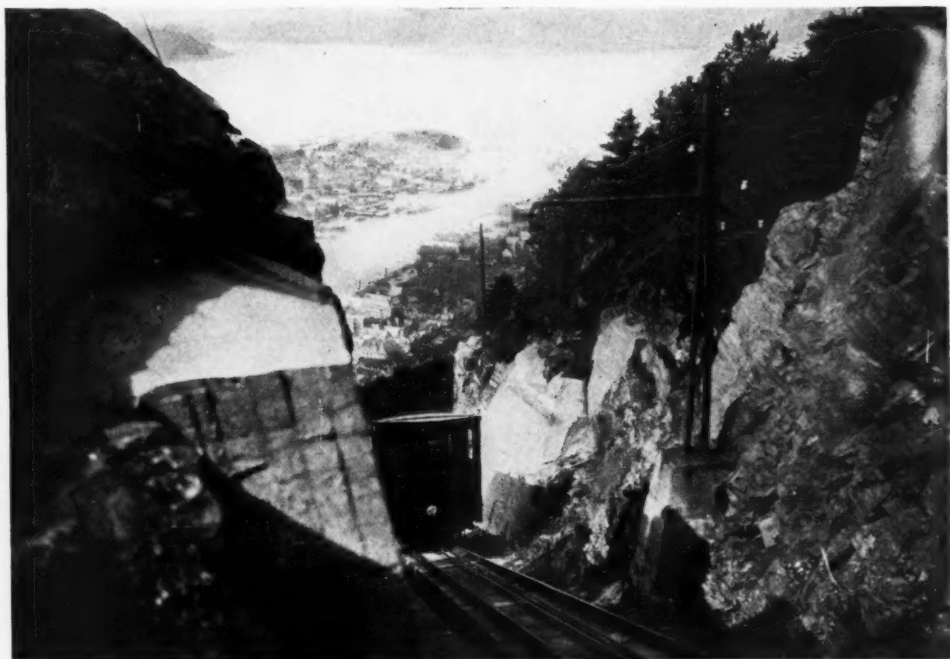
**B**ERGEN, the Western metropolis of Norway and Norway's window toward the sea, should be seen from the sea. It is the sea that has created it, and it is the freshness and immediate nearness of the sea that has given it a color and tone peculiar to itself. Coming in from the sea, where day after day one has seen only sky and water, one is profoundly moved when on a bright summer morning or on a quiet and not so bright summer evening one sees on the horizon a range of mountains rising out of the sea. That is Norway, the land of the emigrant's yearning; and at sight of it his mood immediately expresses itself in that beautiful song which is in itself a picture—the song: "*Naar Fjordene Blaaner*" (When the Fjords Are Blue). Then the ship swings about the outermost islands and reefs, and there lies the fairway with its mountain knolls and its fishermen's huts which have clawed themselves fast wherever there is a bit of earth so that a little green patch can be cultivated. The ship swings around Kvarven, and the city lies before one at the foot of the mountains which shut off the view toward the interior.

Ships come and ships go, and there is a bustle of traffic which tells

better than words could do that the sea is the city's source of life. Soon after, one is in the picturesque city, rich in memories, which is so different from other Norwegian cities and yet as Norwegian in soul and body as any of them, the city of many traditions but never forgetting the needs and the claims of today.

Before 1907, when it was first connected by railway with the rest of the country, Bergen might have been likened to a man who had set his back against a high wall and had before him a free outlook toward the great open sea. This isolation together with this free view over the sea toward the great centers of culture beyond had a decisive influence upon the city and its inhabitants. Added to this, the climate of Bergen, the abrupt changes, the swift shiftings from sunshine to rain, are reflected in the temperament of its people. The city may lie there dark and gray under a disheartening veil of fog; then suddenly, in spite of all meteorological predictions, the fog lightens, the clouds lift and disappear in the clear blue which arches over the clean-washed city. In the course of a few hours the many days of rain are forgotten, and Nature's sunny smile is reflected on the faces of the people; then the city has an irresistible beauty.

On such a day, if one stands on one of the mountains that surround Bergen, with the city spread out before one and with a view of the sea beyond, then one understands why the people of Bergen



THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN STEEP DESCENT FROM FLÖIEN



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE HOLBERG SCHOOL

love their city. One understands, too, how their thoughts can reach out across the wide sea to those distant coasts which are bound up with the city's history from ancient times. It was from this coast that the



STATUE OF LUDVIG HOLBERG THE COMEDIAN, BERGEN'S FAMOUS SON

old Vikings set forth and colonized Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Greenland, and America. Bergen looks with pride upon its history, and remembers that the same ocean whose great waves break over the



outermost reefs out there on the horizon also laves the distant coast of America.

And now for a little history.

King Olav Kyrre, about the years 1070-75, "established a market town at Bergen," that is to say that he made the then existing fishing village a market town. The latest archæological discoveries have established the fact that the place was inhabited even in the Stone Age. Harold Fairhair had his royal palace at Aalrekstadr—the present Aarstad. The situation was ideal, lying midway between two great rifts in the mountain plateau, the Hardangerfjord and the Sognefjord, and easily accessible from without.

After the market town had been established, many foreigners sought it out. King Olav Kyrre favored especially the English, who obtained places to set up their booths near the later custom house. Little by little, the Germans pushed themselves forward and took to themselves greater and greater power, and in the fourteenth century the German Hanseatic League absorbed virtually all the city's trade, while the German element impressed deep traces on the city's physiognomy. As a reminder of these foreign elements we have:

Tyskebryggen (The German Wharf, or Quay), which was also called the German Counting-house or sometimes simply the Comptoir; we have Skottegaten (Scottish Street)—formerly there was an entire district known as Scottish Town; and we have Holländergaten (Dutch Street).

This development culminated when the power of the Hanseatic League was broken, and the resident Hanseatic merchants mingled with the other inhabitants of the city. Tyskebryggen had, as one may readily understand, an exceptionally advantageous situation, and for this reason it was difficult for Bergen's own people to compete with the Hanseatic



A DOORWAY ON THE GERMAN QUAY



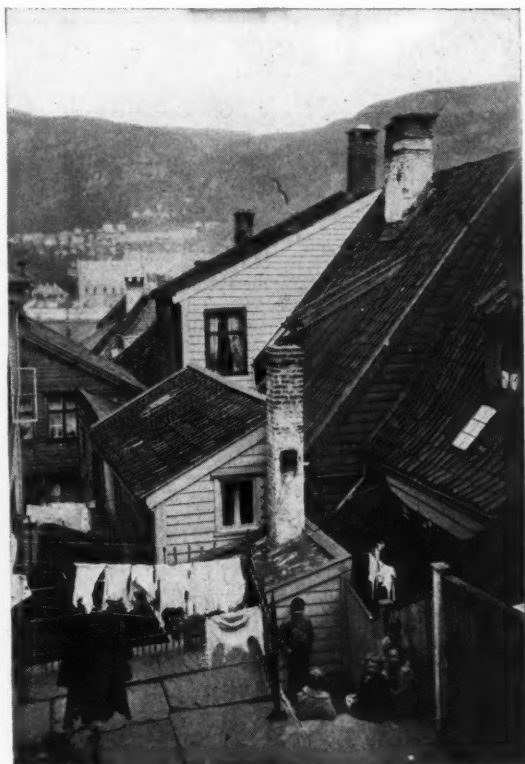
merchants. The "Strand-side men," as the natives on the other side of the inlet Vaagen were called, had to be content with a situation exposed to the severe northern storms, while Tyskebryggen was well sheltered. On the whole, the Hansa men tried to annoy and harass the Strand-side men in every possible way, and for a long time the Government did not dare breathe a word of objection. It was the feudal lord, Erik Walkendorf of Bergenhuus, who first vigorously opposed them. He brought them to terms when he threatened to destroy Tyskebryggen by gunfire from the fort.

In the sixteenth century the power of the Hanseatic League began to diminish, and at the same time the prestige of Bergen's own citizens grew. The trading places of the Comptoir were sold one after another to Norwegian subjects. The last of this property was transferred to Norwegian hands on March 17, 1764, but the old Germans, who became citizens, retained their own language, and German services were held as late as in the 1860's in Maria Church, or the German Church, as it is even now called.

This city, with its mingling of old and new, with its smiling charm in the sunshine and its somber appearance when the fog comes down from the mountains—this ever changing city—is well worth a visit from the tourist.

By means of an electric cable railway one ascends to the top of one of the city's Seven Mountains and sees an unforgettable panorama of the city, the fjord, and the smiling fertile valley. At nightfall the many electric lights in the city spreading below are lighted, and the whole effect is one of a fairy-land illumination.

Or a moonlight night may well be spent at a lake called Svartediket, which lies close by the city but hidden away between the high mountains. As if by the waving of a magician's wand, the landscape changes its character. High



A CORNER OF THE OLD TOWN



THE GERMAN QUAY



IN THE HANSEATIC MUSEUM



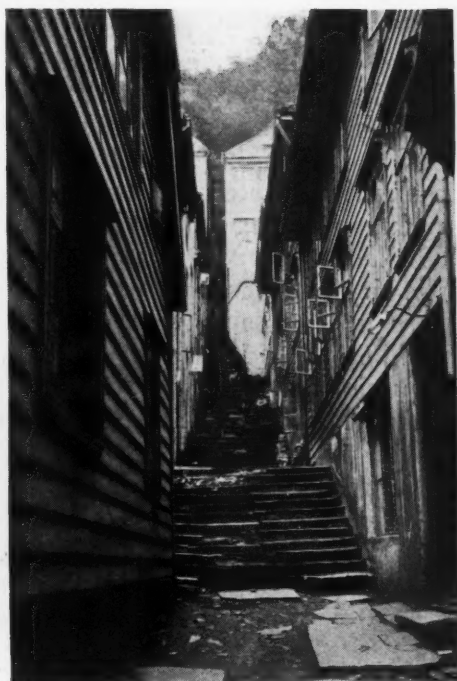
KING HAAGON'S HALL



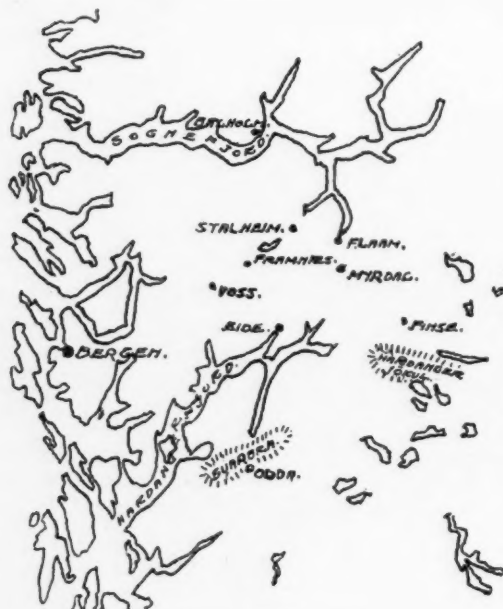
THE BERGEN THEATER



A NOOK OF THE GERMAN QUAY



A PERPENDICULAR STREET



mountains bar the way in all directions. The city is gone, and one might believe oneself transported to the wildest mountain heights, although the center of the city is only a few minutes' distance away.

If one is interested in that which is old, there is the ancient quarter with its crooked, narrow streets. It is as if one were wandering in another age, hundreds of years back; the place has a spirit of its own, and there are the most idyllic little interiors from the olden time.

One more picture in closing. Let us imagine the city on a really fine, warm summer day. The sun sinks to rest behind the mountains. A refreshing breeze spreads coolness over the city. It is as though one awakens from the tropic heat which can occur even in these high latitudes. There are golden clouds in the sky. On the fjord, where the cutters have been drifting lazily about with slack sails, life begins to stir. Rowboats shoot out from every wharf. Here and there singing is heard sounding sweetly out on the fjord; the melancholy note of a hand-organ joins in, and over it all there is a peculiar feeling that grips the heartstrings of the native of Bergen. He looks in upon this city, which in prosperity and in adversity is the city he loves, and which it is his heartfelt wish that visitors from foreign lands also shall understand and love a little.

The old and always new city, the city of memories and of hope, capricious and alluring, is the city whose heart, in spite of all foreign influence, is firmly and securely rooted in her native Norwegian soil.

*Photographs by Courtesy of the  
Norwegian Government Railways*





TORDENSKJOLD, THE MARITIME HERO OF NORWAY, LOOKING OUT OVER OSLO HARBOR

## Norway's Industries

### I. The Merchant Marine

By H. SUNDBY-HANSEN

*V*OR ære og vor magt  
har hvite seil os bragt"—  
sang the inspired Björn-  
son in a lyrical tribute to Norway's  
far flung merchant marine and its  
economic importance to the na-  
tion. To this the poet added a  
glorious tribute to the country's  
seafaring population in the lines,  
sung by Norwegians every-  
where—

*"Den norske sjömand er  
et gjennembarket folkefærd."*

It has been truly said that economic necessity is the mother of all industry. Likewise it may be stated as an axiom, that no nation can become a maritime power unless economic necessity is coupled

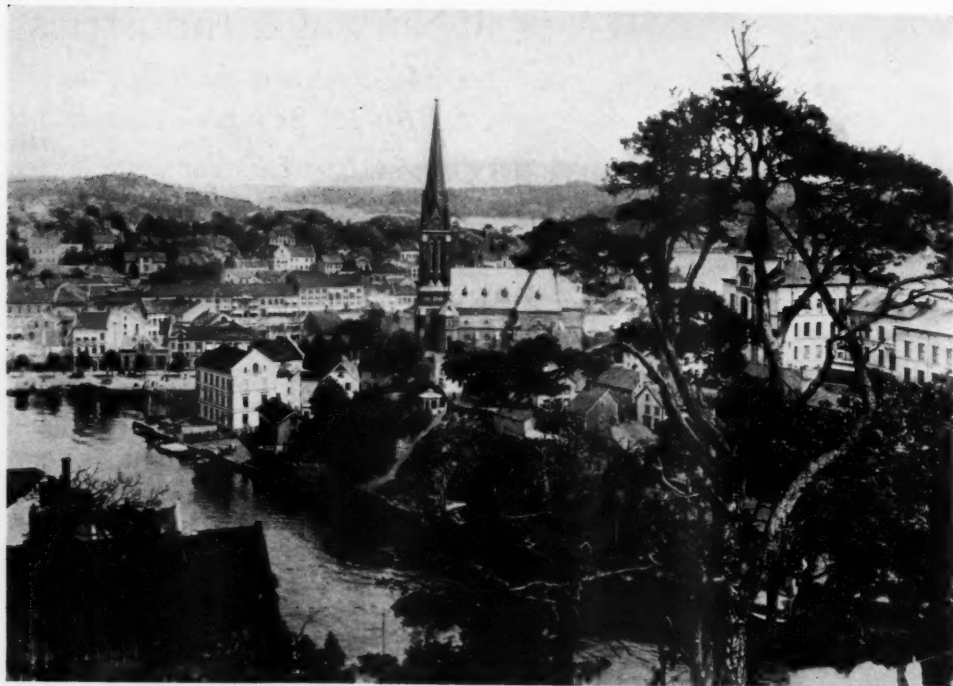
with a natural, physical condition favorable to the development of real sailors—men who go down to the sea in ships, not only because it brings their daily bread, but because they love it.

In these respects Norway is a true maritime power. That the economic factor has been an inexorable driving force is beyond a doubt; the sea has furnished the natural vent for energies that could find no legitimate outlet on shore. As for the natural physical conditions, they are present in abundance.

Though small as a nation, Norway is a large country geographically, with a coast line of about 1,500 miles as the crow flies. If, on the other hand, we include the justly celebrated fjords, we shall get a coast line of 26,000 miles—more than the



A GALA DAY ON THE FJORD



ARENDAL, ONE OF THE COAST TOWNS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE SHIPPING INDUSTRY

circumference of the earth at the equator. Salt water is everywhere, reaching in fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred miles from the ocean; deep, dark, clear salt water in landlocked fjords and sheltered *viks* on whose undulating, rippling surfaces the young of both sexes learn the art of handling oars, rudder, and sail almost from infancy.

This is the life of the people from generation to generation. The bulk of Norway's population lives along her rock-ribbed, weather-beaten, elongated coast. Thus it comes about that the Norwegian is a natural born sailor. When the boy who has been playing on the water grows to manhood, and the time comes for him to seek a livelihood, the romance of the sea draws him as it did his fathers before him.

The history of Norway as a maritime nation goes back to dim antiquity. When the country emerged into the daylight of history, about the seventh century of our era, the Norwegians were already deep sea sailors. Their ships, the product of long development extending back beyond their known history, were the only seaworthy craft in the world. The development of the keel and other features of naval construction to a high degree of practical utility enabled the ships of the Norwegians to resist the strain and stress of deep sea navigation; and it is generally conceded that they were the first pelagic sailors in the world.

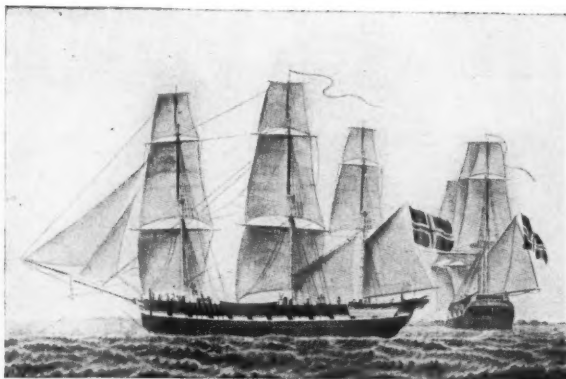
Before the advent of the Norwegians, European navigation had consisted almost exclusively in river and coast-wise sailing by daylight; at night shelter was sought in the nearest safe harbor, or favorable anchorage. But the Norwegians struck out boldly from their home coasts, across the North Sea to England, Scotland, and Ireland;

to the Orkneys, the Faroes, and the Shetland Islands; to Iceland, Greenland, and finally, to North America. Leif Ericson, the first European known to have crossed the Atlantic, sailed in an open boat without chart or compass.

Fearlessly these intrepid seafarers explored the arctic regions to the north, where they discovered Svalbard (called by later Dutch navigators Spitzbergen). They sailed to the Baltic countries in the east, to Spain, North Africa, and the innermost Mediterranean countries in the south. At the end of the thirteenth century, Norway was one of the world's greatest seafaring powers.

For reasons which even now are not fully understood, a reaction set in about this time with such force that for nearly three hundred years Norway was completely out of the running as a seafaring nation. In the seventeenth century various political influences that can not be traced here brought a revival. From that time on, the merchant marine grew steadily in tonnage and economic importance until it practically regained the position it had enjoyed during its former period of supremacy.

For generations now the merchant marine has been the nation's pride. In the early days of the revival it was the sailing vessels, the proud barks and full-rigged ships, that constituted the fleet. Great was the stir in the little coast towns in spring when the home ships, after being laid up for the winter, weighed anchor and hoisted sail for the voyage to distant lands across the sea. Nearly every family had a son or brother or father on board, and the whole town was there to bid them farewell. The welcome accorded the return of the ship in the late autumn was equally hearty. What wonderful things the sailors brought home in their bags and chests from foreign lands—curious little gifts for everybody. And what stories of adventure on the high seas, stories that set all juvenile imaginations aflame!



FULL-RIGGED SHIPS FROM THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



THE COAST STEAMER STOPS AT EIDE IN HARDANGER

Norway retained her maritime position unshaken during the difficult period of transition from sail to steam at the end of the last century. Later, despite the enormous strain to which the fleet was subjected during the World War, when about one half of the country's tonnage was sunk by submarines, and 2,000 seamen lost their lives, Norway held her own as a leading maritime power. No other nation, neutral or belligerent, lost proportionately so much tonnage or so many seamen as Norway. Thousands of Norwegian sailors showed the courage inherited from viking ancestors by going to sea again and again, in spite of their harrowing experiences of repeated submarine sinkings and mine explosions.

Before the war, Great Britain, the United States, and Germany were the only countries that possessed larger merchant fleets than Norway. After the war, while Germany has taken a more modest place, France and Italy, owing to special legislation, have been able to advance beyond Norway. But it must be remembered that this refers only to the actual amount of tonnage. In proportion to its size, Norway still exceeds all other countries in the strength of its merchant marine.

When the steamships came in, some of the romantic glamour that had enveloped the old sailing vessel vanished; and yet the high regard of the Norwegians for ships and the men that man them has survived





TOURIST STEAMER IN THE FJORD OFF MOLDE AT MIDNIGHT

the change. With the passing of years came still a new evolution. Motor-driven craft began to displace the steamboats. In this development Norway has been one of the pioneers.

I shall spare the reader the ordeal of struggling knee deep through a peat bog of bewildering statistics. Nevertheless a few plain figures, arrived at by the elementary process of addition, may serve to throw light on the present status of Norway's merchant marine.

Every twenty-fifth ship met with on the high seas or in the harbors of the world flies a Norwegian flag.

The total number of ships comprised within the category of the merchant fleet (besides the thousands of other craft) is approximately 1,800, with an aggregate tonnage of about 2,860,000 gross tons. Of this number, 256 ships aggregating 614,670 tons are motor-driven. Motor-ship development has proceeded during the last few years with rapid strides. The world's largest motor-ship company today is the Wilhelm Wilhelmsen Company, of Oslo.

According to surveys made by the Norwegian Shipowners' Association, of which Mr. H. M. Wrangell is president, and Mr. John O. Egeland, of Oslo, is executive secretary, a total of 266 ships aggregating 92,727 tons are engaged in Norway's coastwise trade in regular route service. In route service between home ports and foreign coun-

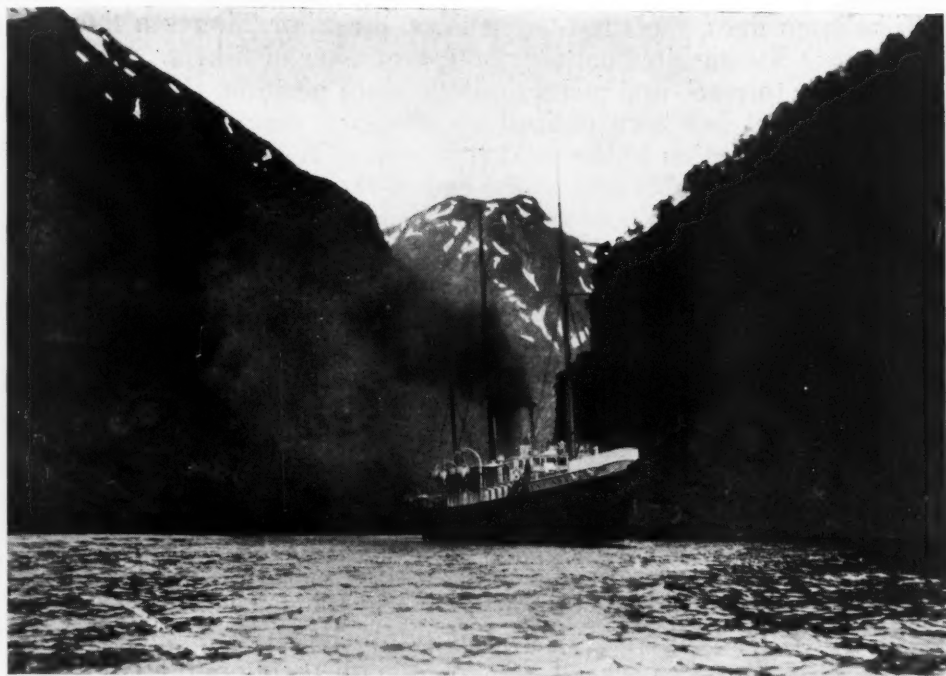


THE BERGENSFJORD STEAMING IN TO OSLO

tries are engaged 173 ships aggregating 465,189 tons, or nearly 17 per cent of the entire fleet. This is the largest number of Norwegian ships and the greatest tonnage ever engaged in this class of carrier traffic.

Norwegian ships in time charter service for foreign account and operating as regular freight liners between foreign ports exclusively, chiefly as fruit and sugar carriers between Mexico, Cuba, and other West Indian ports and New York, number at present about forty craft aggregating 60,000 tons, showing a steady rise since 1924. This service, which is exclusive of the Norwegian route service in operation on the coast of China as well as of the regular ore carriers, has not yet regained the magnitude of its peak year (1912) when a total of eighty-two ships aggregating 100,000 tons were engaged in regular route service between foreign ports under time charter.

Finally, we have the ships engaged in foreign route service for Norwegian account directly and operating exclusively between foreign ports. In this service are now in operation a total of seventy-five ships aggregating 218,000 tons, or a little over 7 per cent of the fleet. Norway's freight carriers are steadily going over from the status of tramp boats to that of regular freight liners. At present practically one-third of the entire fleet is engaged in this service.



THE PRINCE OLAV IN THE TROLLFJORD, NORTHERN NORWAY

It goes without saying that so large and comprehensive a merchant marine includes a number of excellent passenger lines. Of these perhaps the best known on this side of the Atlantic is the Norwegian America Line with its two high class passenger and mail steamships, the Stavangerfjord and the Bergensfjord, operating a regular, three-weekly service between New York and Bergen and Oslo, touching at Halifax, N. S. on the westbound trip.

Moreover, there is the Bergen Steamship Company, of Bergen, operating its magnificent tourist ships, the Stella Polaris, a Diesel motor yacht of 6,000 tons, and the Meteor, both of which make the fjords, the North Cape, and Svalbard during the midnight sun period. This company also maintains an excellent passenger service between Bergen and English ports.

Another magnificent tourist vessel is the former royal British yacht, now the Prins Olav (2,500 tons), of the Nordenfjeldske Steamship Company, of Trondhjem. This modern, luxurious ship also makes the fjords and the North Cape during Norway's summer months of endless daylight. Other first rate lines maintain regular passenger, mail, and freight service between home ports and ports in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, England, Spain, South Africa, East Africa, Australia, India, Siam, South America, Mexico, Canada, the United States and other countries. Among these are the

Wilhelmsen lines, the Fred Olsen lines, the Thor Thoresen lines, the Stavanger Steamship Company, and a number of others.

In order to reach and maintain its leading position, the Norwegian merchant fleet has been obliged to absorb a very large amount of capital in proportion to the total resources of the country. The share capital invested in shipping at the end of the crisis caused by the war (1920) was 1,159 million kroner compared to 1,535 million kroner invested in inland industrial enterprises. The profits of shipping have always played an important rôle in covering the inevitable deficit of Norway's trade balance with foreign countries. In 1870 the gross freights earned by Norwegian ships in foreign trade amounted to 71,000,000 kroner. The earnings increased steadily until the peak was reached in 1920, with a total of 1,280 million kroner.

So large a shipping industry quite naturally lays claim to the activities of a very large part of the population. The merchant fleet employs approximately 30,000 seamen of subordinate grades and upward of 15,000 officers. With clerks and others directly or indirectly engaged in employments connected with the merchant marine it may be safely assumed that 50,000 men gain a livelihood from the shipping industry. However, Norway has many other classes of men who go to sea. It is estimated that of the entire adult male population, about 112,000 or 17 per cent follow the sea for a livelihood.

It is worth remembering, when Norway's leading maritime position is under consideration, that Norwegian overseas shipping receives no government subsidy whatever save a modest allowance for the carrying of mails, and this is received only by certain designated lines. This fact shows perhaps better than anything else the handicaps that Norwegian shipowners are under in international competition with subsidized shipping abroad. It gives luminous evidence of their ability to conduct the business of shipping efficiently and economically under the most difficult circumstances. Moreover, it promises well for the future expansion and prosperity of the nation's mercantile marine and for Norway's continued supremacy as a seafaring power.



A LIGHT HOUSE IN THE SOUTHERN SKERRY GUARD

*Photographs by Courtesy of the  
Norwegian Government Railways*



# Time Did not Hang Heavy

By PETER EGGE

*Translated from the Norwegian by ANDERS ORBECK*

**T**URI HALSETMOEN could not understand where the years had fled. It seemed to her not so very long ago that she had prepared for confirmation with the dean himself; nor so very long, either, since she was a bride.

Turi was upwards of ninety and lay bedridden in the charity hospital at Trondhjem.

There was nothing, she would insist, about which there was so little economy and so much waste as time. It was worse than money to disappear. It melted away like butter. More than once she had lain pondering over what had become of the years. People so frequently imagined that time must hang heavy when one is always bedridden. But she had never noticed anything of that sort. She had often heard say that old folk wanted the Lord to release them from this world and take them away; but she had never felt any such desire. She lived in a room together with three other women. One of them sighed constantly, and seemed to think she had lived long enough. "I should think I might be permitted to die now," she would say, although she was hearty, and there was nothing that ailed her. But it seemed to her she had lived long enough, and time did hang so heavy on her hands.

At such times Turi would shake her head: she could not understand how some people were constituted. The women she lived with cared not a straw about her; but nevertheless they amused her not a little, as she lay there, particularly when they quarrelled among themselves in a petty way, which they did constantly. On rainy or cloudy days it was always about what time it was getting to be; for on such days they did not have the sun and the light to go by. On such oc-

casions Turi simply *had* to tell them about her son, Kolbein . . . there was a fellow for them with a watch! If ever *he* came, they would see a watch that was a watch! By the way of reply they would become furious, all three of them, and hiss at her, and mutter "Nonsense!" And then she couldn't help laughing, and that only added to their rage. They even said she was in her second childhood. But they talked thus only because she was the oldest and always had to lie abed and never received any letters and never had anyone come to visit her, and was only a bother. They went about, in and out, met other people, and knew what was going on; and they did not relish the way she kept quizzing and asking them whether anything had happened, and whether they had heard anything of Kolbein—whether he was returned from the sea.

How many years it was since he had last written her she could not remember; it might be ten years, perhaps only seven. It was before she came to the charity hospital, at any rate, and that was five years ago according to the matron. Kolbein must have lost the address; for she had moved after he left. But the other women never really believed she had a son. Surely he would have written, they said, if she had had one. But when one fair day he would come and stand at her bedside, then they would all three have to rise and get busy. "Do not fear, dear mother," he had written in his last letter to her, "I shall come some day. But not until I can come in all my glory; for I don't want to come empty-handed, skinned like a herring or a needle, but fresh and healthy, in new clothes from head to foot and from topcoat to shirt."

Of course they didn't relish hearing

about such a fine lad as Kolbein was. Nor did they like to hear how high up she had been once upon a time, having served in the household of Parson Ingemann, who was a "Grundtvigian"; she had sat at the table along with the householders themselves, and once she had eaten in the company of Parson Skaar, who later was made a bishop. . . . So it was not to be expected that they would care about *her*. . . .

But least of all could they endure that she proved to be right whenever they disagreed. Always it turned out that she was right, and always they became as acrid as mustard and vinegar. As on the day the picture fell down from the wall, and she explained that it betokened some great misfortune or other, and they muttered "Nonsense," as they always did to her. But that very day Jensen in Number 9 toppled over on the floor and was dead in an instant. The three sat there then as if they had had their faces slapped, and thought over what she had said about the picture—that it had been a warning. And whenever she remarked that she had been right that time after all, they became angry, and intimated she ought once and for all to forget this about Jensen and the picture; for it was so long ago now that he died, they said, when really it wasn't so many days since he was buried, he, he, he!

This winter, or perhaps it was last spring, she proved to be right once again. They were lying, all four, one morning, each in her bed, well covered over, only the tips of their noses exposed, and a window wide open—for the matron was a fiend for fresh air, morning and night. A cat jumped in through the open window from the street and entered the room. She immediately exclaimed "Fie, fie!" and explained to them that this betokened some misfortune of one sort or other that would follow; but they merely raised their noses

in scorn and muttered "Nonsense!" But that same day the rice porridge was scorched, and that, too, worse than any time she could remember. So she was right once again. But the women never afterwards liked to hear about it. Every time she reminded them of it, they became furious, and said they were tired of both the cat and the rice porridge and of her, too, long ago. He, he, he, he!

And so it was always! She was right. As when a wealthy bigwig in town died, and the women said his high-hatted family would surely be sports enough now to treat the inmates of the hospital to a good dinner on the day of burial . . . and she simply said there would be nothing of the kind this time. And there was nothing of the kind either. And the women were so infuriated they called her all sorts of names, as if it were her fault that they got nothing. He, he, he!

But if the women prophesied that on the occasion of the next grand funeral in the city there would be meat-cakes and sago-soup for the inmates of the hospital, she would prophesy there would be only rice porridge with fruit juice. And, sure enough, it would be only rice porridge with fruit juice. And so she had to laugh herself in amazement at always being right. While the others whined as if the porridge were scorched, although really it was very good! He, he, he, he!

They never liked to hear her laugh, not even when she lay and chuckled to herself softly about this or that which crossed her mind. "What are you lying there laughing about, you Troll?" they would ask. As if she could help that she had seen and heard so much that was amusing in her time that she had to chuckle over it even to this day. The boys in the mountain village had clambered over hill and dale for the privilege of sitting at her bedside on a Saturday night. How they had wrestled and fought and thrown each other down

the stairs! But none of them after all had she married! Such things surely she had a right to chuckle over! When she moved to the city, she met her first husband—Alfred; he was so jealous, poor fellow, that he wept. And when she was real sweet to him, he wept too. Ah, Alfred, Alfred—he wasn't the only fellow she had laughed herself sick over. And surely she had a right to chuckle here in her bed without others taking offense at it. She had always been in good humor. She had lived through the whole year of mourning after Alfred died before she had married again. And that was no slight thing, as they might imagine, beset as she was all around. But it wasn't really so hard being a widow, when one is sure of marrying again.

No, what was much worse was that the time flew so terribly fast. It seemed no longer ago than last year that she was eighty, and now one of these days, so said the matron, she would be ninety. If time continued to fly as fast as hitherto, she would be a hundred before she had a chance really to bethink herself. Kolbein need have no worry, he, wherever he fared on the seas. She was happy as she was, right here in her bed; she was dry and warm at all times, free from cares about food and clothes, which was no doubt more than he could say for himself many a time.

But one morning—it was early in summer—Kolbein appeared at her bedside. The matron had escorted him in. She propped Turi with pillows behind her back to enable her to sit up while she looked at her son. Turi did what she had not done in many a blessed year: she wept; but, to be sure, it was for joy. She had to wipe tear after tear away in order to see that his hair had thinned somewhat, and that he wore bright shining rings in his ears, and had a broad beard underneath his chin. He was handsomely dressed in blue. Whiter no linen could have been than his. All this Turi

beheld, and chuckled, and heard scarcely anything of what he was saying. And that was no great matter; it was enough that he was here and that she beheld him. She bent over towards him and whispered so loud that all in the room could hear it . . . these women . . . he, he, he . . . would not believe he was alive or had even existed.

Kolbein sat a while, his mouth wide open in sheer amazement, and then he asked her—to make sure he had not misheard—whether they had really brought themselves to believe that he had not even existed. Turi was only able to nod eagerly by way of reply; for her face and her whole body were full of laughter. Then Kolbein too had to laugh; he laughed long and heartily; tears came into his eyes; and he looked pityingly askance at the women. The three sat as if they had been screwed and glued fast to their chairs, now that they understood that this really was Kolbein.

Turi leaned over towards him again and told him how they would not believe that he had a watch either.

Kolbein straightened right up and was greatly offended. Slowly he turned around towards the women, while he half closed his eyes in utter scorn. And they shrank and became so small that he could scarcely see where they sat.

Once more Turi had to lean towards her son as well as she could. What time did his silver watch say?

Kolbein pulled it forth, held it up to his nose, and even a little higher, that all in the room might see it. He did not turn towards the women. But Turi turned about, as far as she could, to get a good look at them. . . . They could see for themselves now that Kolbein's mother had not been lying.

"Of course," she said, "there was no one in this room had a watch."

What? Didn't she have a watch? he asked, at once amazed and vexed that such a thing were even possible.

"Lord!" she answered; surely he remembered his mother had no watch.

Kolbein then thrust his hand deep down in one of his trouser pockets and brought up another watch, looked at it, but thrust it back again immediately, brought out still another from another pocket, looked at it too, but let it slip back into its place. Then he pulled out one from his vest pocket, turned it over in his hands a few times, inspected it, and then tossed it over on the bed cover. She might have that one, he said—that she might at least know the time of day. And then Kolbein looked askance at the women again. He was no longer put out; he merely called them to witness that now his mother had a watch.

A little later he dug up a watch key and showed her how to wind it. The matron came in to see how Turi was getting on. A servant girl followed, carrying in the dinner, and both of them had to learn how the watch was to be wound; for his mother was too old and feeble of hand for such delicate work, he explained.

Afterwards the girl returned with a nail and a hammer and hung the watch over the bed.

Every day Turi lay looking at it, long stretches at a time. The three women had to make themselves agreeable to be privileged to lean over and look at the watch to see what time of day it was getting to be. But only on rainy or cloudy days, when they didn't have the sun and light to go by. For always Turi lay laughing and mumbling that they could see she was right once again, he, he, he! Kolbein had watches to give away. How many had as much? Not a single person in the whole charity hospital.

For several days Turi had been conscious of a sore spot or swelling in the gums far back in her mouth. It kept her awake long hours of the night. But one

morning, after she had had a few hours' sleep, she awakened and immediately thrust her finger in her mouth to feel of the swelling. Instantly she cried out that she was cutting a tooth! A new tooth!

"Nonsense, nonsense!" the three women hissed.

"Feel! Feel here!" she cried out like a raucous cock. And each one in turn had to cross the floor to Turi and thrust a finger in her mouth and feel of the new tooth cutting its way through the gum. Then each in turn put on her spectacles and peered into the cavity. They returned thereupon each to her bed, grew solemn, but remained silent.

The servant girl loaned her a little hand mirror, and Turi lay, her spectacles on her nose, peering in at the tooth, and turned and twisted as best she could that the light might penetrate as far as possible. Each morning she could convince herself, and others as well, that the tooth had emerged a bit farther. The swelling had gone down. It did not pain her any longer. She held her mouth wide open and tried to talk at the same time. "Feel! Feel here!"

One Saturday, when Turi was being given a thorough scrubbing, the girl attendant discovered on her head a new growth of hair, blond and thick, in tufts, in between the thin snow-white old hair. Turi was beside herself, she trembled for joy, and did not give in till all three women had been over and inspected the hair and pulled it. That whole day she was in ecstasy. In the course of the night she awoke. She could not sleep for joy. She gave her hair a pull. Each morning she laughed and insisted she would end by outliving them all.

One of the women answered quietly that such things rested entirely with God. And all three looked resentfully at her.



The old hospital doctor had heard of the new tooth and the new hair and came to pay a visit, although no one had sent word for him to come. The superintendent and the matron followed him in and stood by deferentially and listened. He smiled kindly. Turi smiled happily. The old women thought all this in their room a great ado; they had risen and curtsied to the doctor and eyed the whole thing in hushed silence.

But several days later, in came four young doctors all at once. They were in great good humor, as if they had just come from some merry party. They raised her and sat her up in her bed. They looked her over and examined both her mouth and her head. She had become a child in arms again, they said; she must eat and drink a great deal and grow big and strong. One of them tickled her under the chin and said, "Titteet, titteet, titteet." Another ventured to prophesy that she would in time get a new sweetheart.

At that Turi laughed heartily; she shook with laughter, and there was a gleam, as of merry memories, in her eyes—they were all but white from age. She became quite hilarious.

"I can sing," she ventured raucously.

She craned her neck that she might

sing clear. The room grew quiet. The old women turned an ear in Turi's direction and waited in amazement. Turi sang as if she cheeped, and cheeped as if she sang.

*Ho! I've outwitted peasants,  
And I've outwitted priest;  
And young men I've outwitted  
A hundred, yea, and more  
All in my time of youth.*

The doctors applauded and laughed and cried "Bravo!" The women no longer let on they either saw or heard. And Turi stared from one to another, her hot, bony, dry cheeks flushed with excitement.

But later, when the doctors had left, and she lay back on her pillow again, she grew very quiet. The old women mumbled and scolded . . . had she no sense of shame . . . disgrace herself in this way . . . an old woman . . .

Turi did not laugh at them, muttered ne'er a word, did not even turn her head. The sun no longer entered the room. It was already getting dusk. When the girl came with supper she was dead.

She lay there smiling. There was still the joyous flush on her cheeks. Time could not hang heavy on her hands even now, to judge from the expression on her honest face.



# CURRENT EVENTS



## U · S · A ·

¶ As the strenuous Presidential campaign is coming to an end, the country has had the advantage of hearing both candidates make their personal appeal to the voters through numerous speeches, giving full information as to what might be expected in the event of victory at the polls. Governor Smith left the impression on his large audiences of a man ready to stand by his convictions, while Herbert Hoover, in no less an emphatic manner, stated where he stood on important issues. ¶ An outstanding feature of the campaign has been the activities of women in both the Republican and Democratic parties. As never before in a Presidential election, American women made use of the franchise for which they worked so assiduously for years. ¶ While politicians the country over devoted themselves to advancing the interests of their candidates, President Coolidge in the White House kept attending to the nation's business. The moment the extent of the damage wrought in Porto Rico and Florida became known in Washington, the Government machinery was set in motion to alleviate the ensuing suffering and assist in rehabilitation of the stricken sections. Both as President of the United States and as President of the American Red Cross, Mr. Coolidge issued an appeal to the nation, in which he called for speedy and unstinted aid of the victims from the ravages of the hurricane. ¶ Secretary Kellogg again showed his desire to maintain amicable relations with the Latin-American countries by the use of his good offices in inducing Colombia and Nicaragua to sign a treaty settling the century long controversy over certain islands in the Caribbean Sea. The United States gets a

clear title to its leasehold of some of these islands which are of great strategic value in the event of an interoceanic canal being constructed through Nicaragua. ¶ The election of Emilio Portes Gil as Provisional President of Mexico produced considerable satisfaction in Washington where it was known that the man to succeed President Calles was ready to carry out the policies of the latter and work for continued friendly relations with the American Government. ¶ Showing the development of aviation in the United States, the aeronautic branch of the Department of Commerce states that there are 2,678 licensed pilots in this country, California leading with 417. ¶ The National Bureau of Economic Research announces that the dollar expended by the farm laborer today comes nearer the 1913 value than that of any other of the five groups into which the country was divided for statistical purposes.



## NORWAY

¶ A lawsuit which attracted considerable attention was dealt with by the Oslo Town Court in the beginning of September. Mr. Christoffer Hannevig, the well-known shipping man, sued Mr. H. Bryn, the former Norwegian Minister at Washington, for having, in a dispatch to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, described Mr. Hannevig as a "crook." The court came to the conclusion that Mr. Hannevig in two cases had acted in a way which justified the expression "crook," but these isolated cases were not sufficient reason for describing him as a "crook" in general. The word "crook" in the dispatch was, therefore, nullified, but Mr. Hannevig was awarded no damages. ¶ The Norwegian delegation, headed by Mr. Mowinkel, the Premier, took a very

active part in the 9th Assembly of the League of Nations in September. During the debate on the report of the Council Mr. Mowinckel made a speech in which he criticized the Council for contenting itself with making provisional arrangements rather than discovering final solutions for the grave conflicts of a political nature with which the League had been called upon to deal. As far as the administration of the League was concerned, the officials of the Secretariat must not forget that they were in the service of the League and of no one else. Latterly a feeling had arisen that, to a certain extent, the various states regarded the members of the Secretariat of their own nationality as being there to represent their special interests and to further their political aims. This was a disquieting symptom. It was the duty of the League Secretariat to be absolutely impartial. The general situation in regard to peace was not so good as the friends of peace might wish. Ten years previously the war had come to an end, and the words "Lest we forget" had been on all lips. Experience showed that mankind learned its lessons with difficulty and forgot them very quickly. Norway, however, regarded the Kellogg pact as a good omen for the future. ¶ The Norwegian whaling fleet, which left for the Antarctic in the last days of August, comprised 112 vessels, a considerable increase compared to last year. The tendency of some Norwegian whaling companies to co-operate with English financial interests is criticized in the Norwegian press. The most typical example is the company Hæctor, of Tönsberg, which at its annual meeting on August 26th decided upon co-operation with an English company. The proposal was opposed by a number of shareholders, represented by Dr. Arnold Ræstad. ¶ A proposal for the celebration of Leif Ericson Day, October 9, has been made by Nordmansforbundet.



## SWEDEN

¶ The results of the election of 230 members to the second chamber of the Swedish Riksdag for the period 1929-1932 were very surprising to most people, although immediately before the election this turn of events was not entirely unlooked for in the inner circles, and it even set its mark on the election campaign during its final weeks. The situation was that the Social-Democrats during the last four year period had 105 votes at their command, and the Communists four, and they had agreed to enter the campaign under the same party banner, hoping by this means to gain at least seven mandates, which they would need in order to have a majority in the second chamber, thereby becoming the ruling faction in the land. Confronted with these tactics, the various bourgeois parties coalesced; the Liberal Pro-Prohibitionists, the Liberals, the Agrarians, and the Conservatives. ¶ The election went off with a harmony never before attained. Participation in voting increased from the former rate of fifty-four per cent of the qualified electors to sixty-seven per cent, and the ballots cast in the whole country numbered 2,343,000, as against 1,765,586 in prior elections. The Social-Democrats were defeated all along the line, and they retained only 87 mandates, a loss of 15, for the Communists increased theirs from four to eight at the expense of the Social-Democrats. The Conservatives captured eight new seats, and the Agrarians five; the Liberals maintained their position, four mandates, and the Pro-Prohibitionist Liberals lost one seat and now control twenty-eight. In Stockholm, which voted last, both Prime Minister Ekman, Pro-Prohibitionist Liberal, and Foreign Minister Löfgren, Liberal, were candidates, the latter quite as an independent after his party had dropped

him and instead were supporting an industrial leader, director of the printing and publishing house, Norstedt & Sons, Conrad Carleson. He was elected, and through the system of proportional representation his superfluous votes went to swell the ballots for Prime Minister Ekman, while Minister Löfgren was defeated. ¶ Löfgren has later announced to the King, who, with King Alfonso of Spain, had been on a hunting expedition in Västergötland, returning to Stockholm after the election, that he thought he ought to leave the Cabinet. As a consequence of this, the question of forming a new ministry loomed up. Thereupon, a bourgeois coalition was effected, since the elections had plainly demonstrated that the Swedish people were far from endorsing the plans of the Social-Democrats. This is the first time in Sweden that this party has suffered defeat at the polls. ¶ The complete line-up of the new cabinet is as follows: Ex-Admiral Arvid Lindman, Secretary of State; Ex-Premier Ernst Trygger, Minister of Foreign Affairs; George P. Bismark, Mayor of Halmstad, Minister of Justice; Lieutenant-Colonel Harald Malmberg, Minister of National Defense; Ex-Governor Sven Lübeck, Minister of Social Service; Judge Theodor Borell, Minister of Communications; Professor Nils Wohlin, Minister of Finance; Professor Claes Lindskog, Minister of Culture and Education; Wilhelm Lundvik, Minister of Commerce; August Beskow, Advisory Minister; Vult von Steijern, Advisory Minister; J. B. Johansson of Frederikslund, Minister of Agriculture. The list is regarded as a strong combination of decidedly conservative character. The majority of the members have served in former governments.



## DENMARK

¶ Danish royalty was given a pleasant surprise while at Skagen when King Alfonso of Spain paid a visit to King Christian as he embarked from the Spanish cruiser Principe Alfonso, which was taking him from Sweden to Scotland. Crown Prince Frederik and Prince Knud assisted their father in receiving the visiting monarch. Only a brief stay was made by the Spanish ruler, who rejoined the cruiser and continued on his way to Scotland. ¶ A cordial welcome was extended to Bert Hassel and Parker Cramer, pilots of the Greater Rockford plane, when, together with Professor William Hobbs who rescued the fliers in Greenland, they reached Copenhagen in the little steamer Fulton on their return from the icy wastes of the Arctic. As the day of their arrival coincided with the birthday of King Christian, a flag-bedecked city greeted them. In the welcoming party was the United States Minister, H. Percival Dodge, who eulogized the aviators and the scientist for their notable achievements. ¶ The Madsen-Mygdal administration is not having smooth sailing these days, if recent demonstrations by Social-Democratic agitators count for anything. At several political meetings the Premier was prevented from speaking by noisy interruptions. The leader of the Social-Democratic party, former Premier Stauning, publicly expressed regret at the occurrences. ¶ Special efforts are being made by the associated Norden societies to have the present pass regulations between the Scandinavian countries abolished.



# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,  
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

**Officers:** President, Henry Goddard Leach; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade, and William Hovgaard; Treasurer, H. Esk. Moller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary and Editor of the REVIEW, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

**Government Advisory Committees:** Danish—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; Norwegian—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

**Co-operating Bodies:** Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 24<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>A, Stockholm, Archbishop Nathan Söderblom, President; J. S. Edström, A. R. Nordvall, and Kommercerådet Enström, Vice Presidents; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Oslo, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

## Sale of the Hecla Iron Works

All friends of the American-Scandinavian Foundation will recall the difficult situation created by the failure of the Hecla Iron Works and the subsequent curtailment of the income of the Foundation. It would not have been possible to carry on the full program had it not been for the timely aid of the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, so generously given. Several times the sale of the property seemed on the point of consummation only to fall through at the last moment. In the spring, however, a satisfactory purchaser was found, and the Foundation is to be congratulated on disposing of this property so advantageously.

After protracted negotiations, the sale finally took place on the 19th of September at the auction room in Brooklyn. The Foundation had received the permission of the Court to foreclose the mortgage and after advertising the sale of the property at public auction, the land was bid in by the Foundation itself. An immediate resale was made to the Ronaldo Realty Company, representing the Carl H. Schultz Mineral Water

Corporation, which will occupy the buildings. The payments extend over a period of forty years, and the Foundation will begin to benefit as soon as the sums representing back taxes and other necessary expenses in connection with the upkeep of the vacant works have been liquidated.

The satisfactory settlement of this long standing financial problem is due in large measure to Mr. Creese, and to the tact and cheerfully rendered services of Mr. H. E. Almberg and Mr. E. G. Clarke, who have taken care of all the complicated legal phases of the transaction. The Foundation is most grateful to these gentlemen for the time and trouble which they have been so lavish with. The sale of the Hecla Iron Works will, within a short period, give the Foundation a steady income such as was intended by its founder, Niels Poulson.

## Fellows

Miss Elsa Dryssen, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on the *Gripsholm* on September 29. Miss Dryssen has enrolled in Teachers College of Columbia University

and will study domestic economy and rural extension work.

Miss Margit Graffman, Industrial Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, landed in New York on September 17, crossing on the *Drottningholm*. Miss Graffman is studying department store methods under the direction of B. Altman & Company.

Mr. Tage Kyster, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, has arrived and registered at Columbia University, where he will take courses in business administration and salesmanship.

Miss Bergit Nissen, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway, will leave shortly for Pittsburgh where she will study higher education as a Foreign Fellow of the University.

#### Paul Fjelde

The sculptor, Paul Fjelde, a Fellow of the Foundation in 1924-1925, has been made head of the department of sculpture of the Carnegie Institute of Arts and Science at Pittsburgh. His works have often been shown in New York galleries and elsewhere, both in one man shows and larger exhibitions. It is in portraits that he particularly excels, and of the larger statues from his hand that of Colonel Hans Hegg, erected both in Lier, Norway, and in Madison, Wisconsin, is perhaps the most widely known.

#### The Danish Short Stories

A forthcoming publication of the Foundation, under the new arrangement with W. W. Norton & Company is *Denmark's Best Stories*. This book is a companion volume to *Norway's Best Stories* and *Sweden's Best Stories*, and will appear some time during the fall.

These stories have been arranged chronologically with a preface and biographical notes. The reader is thus enabled to learn something of the lives of the various authors and their places in Danish literature. The other two volumes of the trilogy have already been well received. Harry Hansen, Literary

Editor of the *New York World*, writing in *Harpers*, said, "These books should appeal to the reader who wants diversity and who finds the short story better adapted to his time than a continued novel."

The *Minneapolis Journal* commented, "These are remarkable books—remarkable for scope, for clear and readable translation, for able editing. . . ." Eugene Lohrke in the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote, "The lyric touch . . . gives these books their charm; quite apart from their distinction as anthologies and their value as introductions to the best of the Scandinavian fiction."

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

#### Trondhjem in 1930

The plan for a worthy celebration of the 900th anniversary of the death of King Saint Olav in Trondhjem in 1930 are being carefully considered and are gradually taking shape. They will include many features of unusual interest and historical significance. The project that has absorbed most attention so far has been the restoration of the ancient cathedral, a task of vast magnitude, which has been going steadily forward over a long span of years. It is a work in which the whole nation has shared, and Norwegian artists and artisans are working together in re-erecting the structure, carving the stone, designing and executing the stained glass windows. The great rose window of the cathedral is the gift of Norway's women. To the fund for a new organ a donation of \$20,000 by E. A. Cappelen-Smith of New York has been a substantial aid.

For the commemorative services ancient forms of traditional church music are being discussed and studied, with a view to their revival. That a general interest in Saint Olav and the coming celebration is engaging the national mind is evident from the many articles appearing in Norway's press.

Another tangible expression of this interest will be shown in an historical exhibition centering in Norway's patron saint. A large Olav hall will be arranged in the building of Trondhjem's Scientific Society, and a new wing is to be added in order to display adequately the city's extensive historical collections.

#### A Lindbergh Fellowship

Last year when all the world joined in honoring Charles Lindbergh upon his successful flight across the Atlantic, Sweden, with every reason, wished to share in showing homage to him, whose grandfather had sat in the Swedish Riksdag, and whose father had been born in Sweden. A fund was raised by popular subscription, and at the suggestion of Colonel Lindbergh this is now being used as a traveling fellowship in aviation. The Swedish Aëro Club was asked to choose among the applicants, and they gave the award to Karl Lignell of Malmö. He is spending the three months from October, 1928, to January, 1929, in studying technical and organization problems bearing upon commercial aviation in Germany, Holland, France, England, and the United States.

#### Dr. E. F. W. Alexandersson

Dr. E. F. W. Alexandersson, "the genius of television," continues to add to the marvels of the radio and the camera. In September for the first time in history a dramatic performance was broadcast simultaneously by radio and television at the General Electric Company's laboratory in Schenectady. The pictures were small, but larger are being



TRYGVE HAMMER AT WORK ON HIS HEAD OF IBSEN WHICH WAS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES AT THE OPEN AIR SCULPTURE EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA LAST SUMMER

evolved, and the inventor made it clear that the process was still in an experimental stage.

#### Gyldendal's New Library of Norwegian Literature

Gyldendal Norsk Forlag is about to issue a set of twelve volumes embracing some of Norway's greatest literary masterpieces. The initial volume will be Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. This is followed by Snorre's *Sagas of the Kings of Norway*, and the series will continue with some of the works of Holberg, Wessel, Wergeland, Asbjørnsen and Moe, Aasen and Vinje, Ibsen, Bjørnson, Jonas Lie, Kielland, and Amalie Skram. The books are very moderately priced, and form an excellent cross section of Norwegian literature, and a good nucleus for a library.

## HAS PROSPERITY BEEN GENERAL

—in the U. S. during the last four years?

## TO WHAT EXTENT

—is the Republican Administration responsible?

## WHAT CONDITIONS

—may the country expect:

—if Smith is elected?

—if Hoover is elected?

Is our national tendency to mortgage the future responsible for the greater industrial expansion during the past few years, or is such condition traceable to political control? . . . To what extent do politics affect or govern business conditions? . . . Have we in the past attached too much importance to the electoral college and not enough to the business cycle?

Eight "captains of industry"—Roger W. Babson, Henry Ford, Glenn H. Curtiss, J. Dugald White, Harvey Firestone, Roy D. Chapin, William F. O'Neill and Evans Woollen—have considered these matters. Out of their experience and judgment have come interesting decisions set forth in a symposium in *The FORUM Magazine*.\*\*

If you are concerned with what men of national, and international, industrial importance regard as the probable economic outcome of the coming election, purchase *The FORUM Magazine* at the nearest news stand—or use this coupon:

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